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MOTHER EGYPT.

BY JOSEPH MILLER.

Dark-floored she broods with weary life
Beside her sphinx and pyramids,
With low and never-lifted head,
If she be dead, repeat the dead;
If she be sleeping, let her sleep;
For in this woman, let the stars!

She smiled at her own days
Your Mother while you coked in wars
And proved your words, made painted things.
Your camp spreads where life child-foe
strayed.

II Christ had seen this work of death!
If Christ had seen these ships invade!

I think the patient Christ had said,
"Go back, have men! Take up your dead,
Draw down your great ships to the sea;
Repeat the gates of Horeb."

Go back to wife with babe at breast,
And leave your Egypt to her rest.
Is Christ then dead, and Egypt dead?
Like you, your awful forehead is

Ab, Mother Egypt, turn to twins!
There's something grimly wrong in this—
Some like some girl, and woman slain.
What would you have your mother do?

Had she not done enough for you?
Go back! And when you learn to read
Come read this book, her deed
Like you, your awful forehead is

Disfavored, she like to this.
What lessons have you raised in stone
To passing nations that shall stand?
Like yours to ours will leave you lone
And level as you yellow sand.

St. George, your lion, whence are they?
From awful, silent Africa.
This Egypt is the lion's lair;
Beware, young Africa, beware!
I know the very Nile shall rise
To drive you from this sacrifice.

And if the seven plagues should come,
The red sea swallow you and stone,
Lo! Christian lands stand mute and dumb
To see the more than Moslem deed.

A BREACH OF DISCIPLINE.

"It's no use speaking, Breton; I must go."

"Are you mad, Kendal? It's your night on guard, and you know what a martinet the Colonel is."

"Confound the Colonel! I tell you, I will go. The Colonel's not a dancing man. He'll know nothing about it."

"Don't you believe it. The Colonel's thick with those Lindsey girls, and I'll bet you ten to one he's there to meet them."

"Oh, hang it! I'll take my chance then," was the reply in the dogged tone of a man who knows he is in the wrong, but does not choose to yield.

The speakers were two officers of the 1st Regiment, which had been quartered for the last six months at Singleborough. The subject of discussion was a great public ball which was to take place that evening. The regiment was to be relieved in a day or two, and the ball would be the last at which the gallant officers of the 1st would appear in that hospitable town. It had been a gay season, and the redcoats had entered heartily into the festivities, and now, at their departure drew nigh, there might have been many an impatient heartache in a gentle bosom here and there. The girls indeed of that favored district were so pretty, that even a brave soldier might be excused if a pang shot through his manly breast at the thought of leaving them behind.

Captain Kendal looked very obstinate as he answered the prudent admonitions of his friend Breton, who gave a long whistle, and tapped the ground ominously with his cane.

"I gave you credit for more common sense," he resumed after a pause.

"Then you were mistaken, you see," "So it seems, but it is an awful pity. You'll be cashiered to a certainty, for the old fellow is as keen as a hawk and is sure to find you out. I say, man, be advised; give it up; the game's too dangerous."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the other testily. "I tell you the Colonel won't be there, and if he were, trust me to dodge him. Why, bless you, I'm blind as a mole!"

His friend looked utterly unconvinced, but remonstrance was plainly of no use. "It's all because of that Lindsey girl," he said, ruefully, for he was honestly attached to his mistress, and saw clearly the consequences which might be expected to follow upon his attendance at the ball. "Lord! what an ass speaking makes of a fellow! Thank Heaven, I'm not in love!"

"Spare your eloquence and have done now, can't you?" replied Captain Kendal, ungraciously. "Go, I must and will, but trust to me to take care of myself."

What was the motive which could induce this gallant young officer of Her Majesty's service, who had already won distinction for his bravery on the battlefield, and who had always acquitted himself well and honorably heretofore, to plan recklessly so grave an infringement of duty as the abandonment of the post he was bound in all honor to guard?

There was a woman in the case. Before his mind's eye, there danced a lovely vision that lured the infatuated young man from the right path; a pair of blue eyes, a sweet smile, a graceful, girlish form, to gaze on which the foolish fellow would have traveled miles!

And she was to be at the ball, surrounded by admiring swarms, of two of whom he was madly jealous; and who knew what might happen while he was absent?

He might, of course, have spoken a certain momentous little word before, and he had thought, now and then, that it would not have fallen on reluctant ears. But he had gone on basking in the sweet sunshine of her smiles, too happy in the present to think much of

the future, and he had just heard casually that to-morrow morning early she was to leave town for her home in the country.

The bank, a great solid building of dark gray stone, stood in an enclosure. At the rear was a court enclosed by a fence, in which was a small wicket gate opening into a lane a short distance below the main entrance, and used chiefly for communication with the back premises. At night it was always kept locked. The front of the building, on the other hand, faced one of the principal thoroughfares, and was approached through a massive outer gate, which, like the smaller one, was carefully closed after nightfall.

Captain Kendal did not change his mind. As the evening wore on, he slipped out, merely informing the sentinel that he should soon return. The old soldier, who had known and loved his young officer for some years, shook his head ominously as he saw him depart, but inwardly resolved to keep his counsel if possible.

The frigate meanwhile sped on his willful way, and banishing all anxious reflections, appeared in the ball-room in time to secure the hand of his fair charmer for several dances. Fortune seemed disposed to smile propitiously on him, and the coast was clear. The Colonel was not to be seen, and no one else dared to inquire too curiously what officer ought to be on guard at the bank on that particular night. As he led out the lady, the seaborne lover had the satisfaction of seeing his rival turn away with a lowering brow. He was determined to lose no time now. In the mass of the waltz, while the soft undulating strains of Strauss sweetened the senses of the dancers in sweet dreams of delight, under the rosy light of the many wax candles in that perfumed, crowded ball-room, a question was asked, and as answer tremulously whispered, which transported two young people into a temporary paradise of their own creating, where there were only they two, and no room for any other besides. No wonder that at such a moment all minor subsidiary considerations were forgotten.

But, when a brief estate hour had passed, and they emerged once more from the rosy pavilion whither they had retired among the flowers, there loomed, dark and erect in the distant doorway of the adjoining ball-room, a tall, martial figure, whose gray hair flowed over the company; a vision which struck a sudden chill to the ardent lover's heart.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed with a start. "There's the Colonel!"

The sharp exclamation, breaking in strangely upon the dulcet tones of love, astonished the pretty creature who hung on his arm.

"What of the Colonel?" she asked softly. "Why should he be here, poor man?"

"Because I am here who ought to be on guard in—street, and because I shall be cashiered to a certainty if he sees me," was the abrupt reply.

"Oh, go away this minute. Do, Harry," she pleaded in terrified, beseeching accents.

He looked at her, then around him, irresolute for a moment. The Colonel had turned his back and was moving into another room. No, he could not go just yet, the temptation to remain was too strong.

"Leave you now, when we are happy and to be parted so soon? No, I cannot, darling," he whispered fondly. "But, never fear, we will keep out of his way."

She did not urge him any more. She did not fully understand the magnitude of the offense, nor the risk it involved, and was too glad to keep him a little longer by all available means.

There were a number of reception rooms in the house where the ball was held, all of which were thrown open for the occasion. Keeping a cautious eye around them, the young people contrived to pass from one apartment to another, whenever they detected the dreaded form of the Colonel approaching. After a time he settled down quietly at a whist table in the distance, and they gave themselves up with reckless gaiety to the enjoyment of the evening. Another hour passed, and supper time came, and still they danced or lingered in quiet nooks, and managed successfully to elude the eyes whose recognition was so carefully to be avoided.

"What a comfort it is that he is such a nuylope, and may be observed from afar," laughed the girl, who had caught the infection of her lover's audacity.

At length the dreadful time for parting was near at hand. The early morning train was to bear away the lady to her father's summer residence, and thus to separate for awhile the newly pledged pair. What wonder that, in those last few precious moments they forgot all precautions, and saw and heard nothing in each other's all-engrossing presence?

He followed her to the hall, and folded the shawl carefully round her graceful form; for another happy minute yet he stood with her hand looked in his, meeting all her heart shining out through her deep blue eyes. Then the carriage door closed with a sharp bang, which struck cold and heavy on his ear, as the rolling wheels bore her away into the night.

Perhaps his eyes were somewhat dazzled by the bright parting glance he had drunk in so eagerly, for all things around looked dim. Presently he turned listlessly to take his hat and depart in dreams. Suddenly, however, something impelled him to look up, and what was his dismay, when he found himself face to face with—the Colonel!

There was a crowd of departing guests in the hall, and as they gathered and jostled each other, the two men who had been thus unexpectedly brought together were again borne apart. The recognition was but instantaneous, therefore, and in another moment the junior officer had contrived to mingle with and disappear with the crowd. But by the stern astounded gaze which had met his eye for that brief instant, he knew that he had been identified, and that the Colonel fully remembered where he ought to have been.

If he still ventured to retain any hope that the recognition had not been complete, such hope was promptly dispelled by the order which presently rang out in ominous tones from the Colonel's well-known voice of thunder.

"Drive to the Royal Bank instantly!" it said with awful distinctness. "And go as fast as you can."

Captain Kendal had managed to slip unobserved through the doorway, and he now stood in the street.

What was to be done? The carriages that were in waiting there were all private ones. The hackney coaches were far down the file, and even had he been lucky enough to secure one in time, the rattle of the wheels at that dead hour of the night, speeding in the same direction as the Colonel's carriage, or indeed the very fact of a vehicle stopping before the bank, would have convicted him at once. There was not a moment to be lost.

At this crisis fortunately his wits had not forsaken him. A sudden inspiration presented itself to his mind, and his decision was taken in a twinkling. Favored by the opportune darkness, he crept round to the back of the Colonel's carriage, and just as it was starting, he sprang nimbly on the step behind. The coachman whipped up his horses and rattled his wheels through the still streets of the sleeping city, clearing his distance in double-quick time, in order to forestall the return of the delinquent officer. Neither master nor man guessed that their hot haste was bearing back the trunk to his room. Within the carriage the Colonel sat stiff and erect, as became a worthy disciplinarian, wholly intent on the conviction of his peccant junior, in whose impending discomfiture he could not help feeling a grim and righteous satisfaction. At the back the Captain sat crouching on the step, desperately concealing his measures.

"Impudence! stand my friend through this scrape," he mentally ejaculated. "Perhaps all is not lost yet." When the carriage turned into the street and the bank appeared in view, he jumped lightly down, and under the friendly cover of night, ran to the little wicket gate in the lane. Most luckily he had taken the key with him, and hurriedly letting himself in, he passed swiftly through the court, and came up with the sentinel inside the great gate, while the carriage was taking the longer curve which led up to the front. How he blessed the chance impulse which had induced him to take that key.

"The Colonel's there," he said breathlessly. "Don't be too quick in undressing the chain. Give me some time to undress. I say, Dickson," he added anxiously, "mum's the word, you know—if you can."

"Ay, sir," muttered the old sentinel, as he shuffled slowly along. He was very partial to the young man, and not so much so to the Colonel.

The Captain passed hurriedly within. Just then the bell of the great gate rang out a long, resounding peal. The sentinel clanked the chain loudly, as he hooked and unhooked it, fumbled with the key in the lock, and made such judicious delays as enabled the officer on guard to compose himself in attendance at his post, before the heavy doors turned on their hinges to admit the Colonel.

"Where is Captain Kendal?" he asked, as he alighted, in stentorian tones which vibrated strangely through the silence, with a sort of angry expectant note of triumph.

"On guard, sir," answered the soldier curtly.

"What?" cried the Colonel, in the shrillest of accents. He was too utterly taken back to say another word. The sentinel, adopting his usual stolid demeanor, took no notice of his evident astonishment. Captain Kendal heard the inquiry from within, and came forward. Representing any inward tremors he might feel, he resolved to put a bold face on the matter.

"Here, sir; do you require me?" he asked coolly.

The Colonel stared at him. His face, with its expression of mingled sternness and entire bewilderment, would have been no mean study for a painter.

He could hardly believe his eyes. Keenly scrutinizing the young man, who did not quail before his gaze, he said stolidly, after a pause of some seconds:

"I certainly thought, sir, I saw you at the ball in D—street, just now!" "Yes, sir," replied the other, audaciously, "why, I am on guard, sir."

"It is very singular," resumed the Colonel, without relaxing his scrutiny, and slightly raising his voice. "I could have sworn that I saw you there!"

"Very singular, indeed, sir," retorted the delinquent, regaining boldness from the very extremity of the strain to which he found himself reduced; "since a man can't be in two places at once, and you have found me here. A case of mistaken identity, perhaps, sir."

The two men stood still eyeing each other, one keenly eager to detect, the other as eagerly seeking to avoid detection. The Colonel was completely baffled. The man was there before him; that was certain; but how, having left him, as he felt sure he had done, among the guests at the ball, he came to be there now, was inexplicable. Not hav-

ing wings wherewith to fly, how on earth had the fellow got there? Could he have been mistaken, he wondered for a moment. But no, he knew he had not.

He shifted the form of his interrogation:

"Then you were not at the ball?" he asked, very pointedly.

The young officer was worthy of all condemnation for having forsaken the post of duty. But though he had acted inexorably, he was still a gentleman, and he would not pollute his lips with a lie. He hesitated for a reply; then, parried the question with another.

"How could I be at the ball when you find me here, sir?" he asked.

Yes, how was the mystery, the simple solution of which was the furthest in the world from presenting itself to the Colonel's brain. He knew that it was quite impossible for another carriage to have arrived before his own. His coachman had driven quickly enough to satisfy even his impatience, and he could not have failed to notice if another vehicle had preceded or followed his through the deserted streets. He could not in the least understand it.

Silent, but wholly unconvinced, he sat down in the hall to think what it might behoove him to say or do next, while the junior officer busied about in a restless fashion, setting refreshments before him, and awkwardly endeavoring to turn the conversation into another channel. The Colonel answered at random, for his thoughts were perplexing.

Myself, and righteously set on convicting the offender as he doubtless was, he could not help, nevertheless, feeling a perception of the comical side of the question. He felt, too, that however fully persuaded he might be in his own mind of Captain Kendal's offense, it would perhaps be a difficult matter to prove it. At length he cleared his throat portentously, and returned to the charge:

"Look here, Captain Kendal," he said, in accents which somehow had taken a milder sound from the bent of his cogitations, "it's no use boasting about the bush; I could stake my existence that I saw you at the ball. But how you come to be here now is another matter, and I don't pretend to understand how you managed it. You had better make a clean breast of it, and though it would be my duty to take proceedings against you—yet if you will explain, it is possible that—"

Just for once, considering the peculiar features of the case, he indulged to a lenient view of a very grave offender, and said:

This encouraged the culprit, who detected a kindly twinkle in the usually stern gray eye which was fixed upon him, made a full and free confession of his fault, and of the causes which led thereto.

The Colonel, though well advanced in the vale of years, had not outlived the memory of youthful hopes, and was a kindly man, though a strict disciplinarian. The young lady whose fair image had lured the lover from his duty, was rather a favorite with him, and considering, as he had said, the peculiar features of the case, he consented to overlook the offense, and inflicted no worse punishment on the delinquent than a reprimand, which was received in dutiful silence, and with all due contrition. Six months later the Colonel made an eloquent speech at the wedding of two happy young people, on which occasion Captain Breton acted as best man. Then two sweet blue eyes looked playfully into his, as the pretty bride thanked him, in a mysterious whisper for the solitary and memorable occasion when he had consented, for once in his life, to overlook and condone a signal breach of discipline.

Tortured Their Prisoners.

The London Morning Advertiser correspondent at Cairo, says: When the British forces occupied the citadel of Cairo they found that torturers had been indicted upon prisoners that were horrible in their barbarity, reminding one of the old Inquisition period. The prisoners had been beaten and tortured in every way possible, and they had been hanged up by the thumbs, by the ankles, by straps around their waists; their bodies had been bared, the skin over the hips and legs tightened by a contrivance so ingenious that only a dead inspired by Satan could have devised it, and then the lash applied, one man making an upward blow alternately with the downward one of another, until at last the flesh in pieces was lifted from the quivering victim.

Then, too, the bastinado, most horrible of all punishments, was used. I saw prisoners who could not walk, and whose feet were simply imps of discolored flesh. Others I saw and talked to who had been flayed. One, an old man, seemed to be dying. Mad with the agony of pain he had endured, he dashed away from his tormentors, and, running swiftly around the mosque, he jumped thirty feet down the rampart. When he reached the bottom he lay a crushed and helpless mass below, and then they brought him back, and they flogged him again on the limbs that were broken, and on the bones that protruded through the flesh.

The names of the brutes who perpetrated these atrocities is Sultan Zorab Zim Pasha, a colonel in the artillery; by birth from Kantabar, by education a soldier, by nature a fiend. Col. Koz having discovered all the facts, he called Mr. Zorab Pasha into his presence, and ordered him to be manacled. They put heavy irons on him, I assure you. They screwed them tight, too, and Tommy Atkins made no endeavor to ease him of the misery of captivity. He will probably be shot.

A Family Ice-house.

The melts faster in free air than in confined air, faster in water than in confined air, and faster in the sun than in the shade. It will melt in any ice-house; it simply melts slowly in a good one, and rapidly in a poor one. Reduced to its simple elements, the success of an ice-house depends upon site, drainage, ventilation, and construction. The best site for a family ice-house is some shady place under a tree, or the north side of a building which is also protected from the wind. Shade is of the first importance, and shelter from the wind the next; so, if there is a choice, take the shady place. If a good position cannot be found, put it where. The melting ice in the house causes a constant flow of water. If the soil on which the house is to stand is sandy or gravelly, and has a gentle slope, there is nothing to do but to dig a cellar about two feet deep and fill it with stones. Cover the upper layers with smaller stones and sand. This will make the floor on which the ice is to rest. The water will escape easily through the sand and stones, and there will be no chance for currents of air to flow upward into the house. The tendency of the air in a badly made ice-house is always to flow through it. Therefore, while there must be drainage, there must be no leaks for air. If the soil is wet and not easily drained, the surface must be covered with feet thick with stones, and the house placed on top of this. If this is done, the sides of the stone work must be made tight with mortar, to prevent the entrance of air.

If provision must be made for carrying off the water, the pipe must be trapped to prevent the air from entering the pipe and thus getting into the house. A well-drained foundation having been prepared, a wooden sill must be laid, on which the walls are to rest. On this sill will rest the uprights. These may be simply planks eight inches wide and two inches thick. They may be placed at intervals on the sill, and held in place by a string-piece on top. On the outside of the uprights may be nailed boards with battens or clapboards. On the inside they are simply boarded up with cheap stuff. The whole aim is to make a hollow wall. The space between the outside and inside boarding must be filled solid with tan-bark, saw-dust, or rough chaff of any kind. Upon the wall place a common pine-board, boarded and battened or shingled. It must be rain-tight, and not so tight as to prevent the air from opening at the ends, or a hood or ventilator, to permit a free circulation of air through the upper part of the house. The door should have double walls filled with saw-dust.

Those, in brief, are the conditions: perfect drainage below, double walls filled with saw-dust, no entrance for air below, and free ventilation above. The ice should be laid on a foot of saw-dust or chaff, and a space of twelve inches all round between the ice and the wall should be filled with saw-dust, as well as all the cracks between the blocks. When it is all in the house, saw-dust is spread two feet deep on top of the ice. The cost of an ice-house must vary with the price of labor and materials. A house twelve feet square and ten feet high will hold enough ice for one family, and certainly will not cost much money to build, and will last for years.

An ice-house should always be painted white, and, if convenient, it should be covered with vines, which will partly neutralize the heat of the sun's rays.—Charles Barnard in the Century.

Penn's Speech to the Indians.

"The Great Spirit rules in the heavens and the earth. He knows that we have come here with a hearty desire to live with you in peace. We use no hostile weapons against our enemies. Good faith and good will toward men are our defenses. We believe you will deal kindly and justly by us, as we will deal kindly and justly by you. We will not be to you as brothers, for brothers sometimes contend with brothers. Nor shall our friendship be as the chain that rust may weaken, that the tree may fall upon and under. We will be as one heart, one head, one body; that if one suffers, the other suffers; that if anything changes the one it changes the other. We will go along the broad pathway of good will to each other."

The chief of the Delaware replied: "I pledge you kindness and good-will. It is the king's mind that your words shall be accepted and kept by him forever; that the Indian and the Christian shall live and love together as long as the sun gives light in the heavens. We must be one-half Indian and the other half English, being as one flesh and blood under one heaven."

Penn put his hand upon the chief's shoulder and said: "When you forget the other man remind him so." He then turned to the children and said: "And now, my dear children, hear my counsel. Stay in your hearts. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. You are now beginning to live. I charge you before the Lord, honor and obey, love and cherish your dear mothers. Betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course in life. Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency in life. I charge you help the poor and needy. Love not money nor the world. Use them only and they will serve you. Pity the distressed. Be gentle in your conversations. Watch against anger. Avoid flattery. Be temperate in all things. Speak no evil of any one, no not of the meanest. And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement, stand before them with a noble stature, what service and travail have there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would defile thee."

THE CURSE OF BRIBERY.

A Widespread Menace To Our Institutions.—Sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer.

Rev. Robert Collyer preached Sunday on "Bribe Takers." His text was I Samuel, viii, 3.—"And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre and took bribes and perverted judgment." Samuel, said the preacher, had one weak spot in his nature, through which more damage came to the Commonwealth, of which he was the ruler, than could have come, so far as we can see now, in any other way. There is no moral taint about him after all those ages, and so I presume there was none in him. But he selected men to help him in the government of the country on the ground of his personal preferences rather than because of their fitness. They were bad men, and he must have known it. They began to steal right and left. We find that the knives when they are found out do not offer to resign their places, nor does the old man turn them out. He believes in standing by that "machine" which he has founded. Finally, through the disgust of the people, there is a revolution backward and a kingdom is founded. They are sick of their system as a man is sick of a watch that he has bought down in an auction room and into which he blows to clean it. People of the present day talk as if they also were falling into despair about the grandest and most hopeful federation of States the world ever saw. They say "this cannot last."

They think the fabric of a hundred years is becoming infirm. Almightily God, to their mind, seems to be tottering in His throne. They chuckle over an opinion expressed by Mr. Freeman after he had eaten our salt—that it might be as well, perhaps, and add as greatly in our self-government if every Irishman would kill a negro and then get hanged for it.

There certainly is one great menace to our institutions. The widespread curse of bribery infests our life and eats the honest hearts out of thousands. I confess the evil, or I would not take your time to speak about it, and I claim, also, that it is greater and more subtle than we are willing to admit; that it is by no means confined to the political parties which divide the nation, but shoals its roots and fibres through our whole common life. Very much of our modern religious teaching is only another name for bribery. I notice in the gospels that Jesus has no word to say about what may be waiting for us when we have done with this life, except as springs directly from our living and from God's love. We are not content to follow the master in that. We promise to those we want to get into our churches, halls, and societies, and dignities and honors, that they will only be good until they die. That is bribery. It is not religion, but utter worldliness. Religion lies in a noble life lived for its own sake and for God's sake.

The bribe takers infer our government, local and general, from this impurity to the smallest hamlet in the Union. Some want money; some want place that pays more than the man is worth in open rackets. A woman on Third Avenue the other day told me the whole story. I overheard her say to a friend:—"My husband is going over to the other side. They gave him a place worth only \$3 a day, and he won't stand it." The evil root runs underground clear to the White House. The peril exists throughout our institutions and in our social fabric.

May I state the reasons that make me hope for a far better conclusion than those expert who say they are almost ready to despair of the Republic, of the nation and of the Church? First, because I believe in God's providence teaching this nation, and in His purpose to establish on this continent the noblest form of human government that has ever been seen on earth. This evil is but the shadow which waits on the divine light. The splendor of God is in this land, and God is determined to drive a grand nation. I believe also in blood and race. We are of the sort that does not break down. We will stay wherever we plant our foot. We will be as one heart, one head, one body; that if one suffers, the other suffers; that if anything changes the one it changes the other. We will go along the broad pathway of good will to each other."

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Winning by inches, holding by clinches flow to contention, but slower to quit. Now and then falling, never once willing. Let us thank God for the true Saxon grit.

COIN.—In Washington Territory the gathering of pine cones for their seed is a large industry. The seeds sell for \$5 to \$8 a pound, and quantities are exported to Europe.

Money Order System.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

From the annual report of the Superintendent of the money order system for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, it appears that the business of that division exhibits a remarkable increase over the transactions of the previous fiscal year. The domestic operations of the 5,491 authorized money order offices (to which number 449 have been added since June 30, 1882, while one office has been discontinued), reached the sum of \$113,400,118.21 in money orders, and of \$113,388,331.90 in orders paid and repaid, a gain in each case of about eight per cent. The fees received from the public amounted to \$1,033,710.55, an increase of nearly nine per cent. There were 377,433 international money orders issued of the value of \$5,336,514.48 and 117,883 such orders paid, amounting to \$2,453,452.79, while the total amount of fees paid by the public was \$145,544.25, so that the domestic and international money orders issued during the year aggregated \$119,936,632.69 and the orders paid with the repayments of over \$115,000,000. The gains in the orders of the several nationalities varied from twenty-three to seventy per cent, and in the payment of such orders from five and a half to forty-nine per cent. Accessions are constantly made to the number of foreign countries with which the United States transacts money order business, Jamaica, New South Wales, Victoria and New Zealand having been added during the past year, while an interchange of money orders with Portugal will be commenced on January 1 next, a convention for that purpose having been duly signed and approved July 15, 1882.

The gross revenue from the domestic money order business was \$280,341 for the fiscal year 1881-82, and from the international money order business for 1880-81, \$80,426.

The sum total of these amounts has been paid to the Treasury for the service of the Post Office Department. Deducting therefrom all the expenses of the system which were paid during the year and there remained a net profit of \$165,030.

One hundred and nineteen cases of alleged lost remittances and 95 cases of alleged erroneous payments were investigated by Post Office inspectors, 48 of these cases occurring from July 1, 1881, to June 30, 1882, making the ratio of improper payments to the total number of payments as 1 to 175,934.

The False Prophet.

Eight thousand human beings killed and wounded appears an extraordinary calamity, yet such is the report which Dr. Schenck, the able representative of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society telegraphs from the Sudan.

The victims were Egyptian troops, and the slaughterers were the False Prophet and his adherents, who for the last three years appear to have been masters of Nubia, and the greater part of the Sudan.

This False Prophet is no less a person than Hajji Zekki, the notorious slave-dealer who caused Col. Gordon so much trouble during his administration of Upper Egypt, and the Khedive has been so embarrassed with more serious complications in the vicinity of the capital that neither troops nor money could be spared for a serious opposition to the advance of this blood-thirsty pretender. This is now the first time that unscrupulous Moslems, calling themselves prophets, have raised the standard of revolt, and followed by the lower classes, the majority of whom are urged by sheer fanaticism, while the remainder are prompted by hopes of plunder, have caused much bloodshed in the east. Even within the last few years Haidar-Ed-Topal kept the Sultan at bay in Arabia, while a fanatic Bedouin, styling himself, Mubarek-el-Kebir, or the "Great blessing," pillaged and burned the villages of the Lebanon, both claiming to be true prophets. About a year ago Hajji Zekki surrounded 6,000 Egyptian soldiers, half of whom he murdered, selling the remainder to the Abyssinians, after which he took possession of the roads, thus stopping the Khedive's Government from communicating with the Sudan by land, and he now threatens to advance upon Cairo.

As a great portion of the Egyptian revenue is derived from the Sudan, and as all its ivory, which is the monopoly of the government, is pledged to the bondholders, steps will no doubt be taken to stop the so-called Prophet's advance, and the British troops now remaining in Egypt may be called upon to defend the country against the invasion of a man who considers not only Christians, but Mohammedans of every denomination, his enemies, and British and Egyptians, who have hitherto been fighting among themselves, may have to unite against a common enemy.

PRINCE TIMBER LANDS.—Owing to the terrible forest fires of 1881, which destroyed 8,000 square miles of the best pineries of Michigan, dealers have found it necessary to look in a new direction in order to obtain enough pine lumber to meet the demand. Agents have been looking up the pine lands in Louisiana and Mississippi, and it is said that one of them has negotiated for 1,000,000 acres in the two States named. Prices of timber lands have gone up accordingly, \$10 an acre having

